Le Feu de Joye:

OR, A BRIEF

DESCRIPTION

Of Two most Glorious VICTORIES

OBTAIN'D BY

Her MAJESTY's *Forces and thoſe of Her Allies,*

OVER THE

French and Bavarians;

In *July* and *Auguſt*, 1704. at *Schellenbergh* and *Blainheim* near *Hockſted.*

Under the Magnanimous and Heroick Conduct of His

Grace the Duke of *Marlbrough.*

A POEM.

K. Churchill (J.) Duke of Marlborough

By a *Britiſh* MUSE.

Arma Virumq; Cano———
——— Hanc ſine tempora circum
Inter victrices, hederam, tibi ſerpere Lauros. Virgil.

LONDON: Printed by *Freeman Collins* for *W. Henchman*, at the *King's Head*, in *Weſtminſter-Hall.* 1705.

BRITISH MUSEUM

To the Right Honourable

Sidney *Lord* Godolphin,

Lord High Treasurer of ENGLAND,

Knight of the most Noble Order of the Garter,

And one of the

Lords of Her MAJESTY's most Honourable Privy Council.

My LORD,

WHen I had done what my rude Passion strove,
To shew my Duty, and express my Love;
I soon resolv'd to make the Thing compleat,
To lay my humble Off'ring at YOUR *Feet.*
With Two such Subjects ANNA's *doubly Crown'd,*
MARLBRÔ *Abroad, and* YOU *at Home Renown'd:*
YOUR *Prudent Council, and* YOUR *Careful Hand,*
Improves the Wealth of a most Fruitful Land.

The Nerve of War is Treasure, and the Soul
Is Courage, now we've Both, a Body whole.

Thus Israel's *Tents were manag'd, some to War,*
While others wisely of the State took Care.

So Blest Eliza *Her great* Burleigh *Reign'd,*
And all Her Subjects ample Profit gain'd;
For many Years, some Ages, his great Care
With Prudence Rul'd in Peace, Supply'd in War,
And brought a haughty Monarch forct to yield:
By Your *wise Conduct now, you've helpt the Field,*
Supply'd the Bands, and made your Credit good;
With Two *such great Supports how can it be withstood!*

But,

But with this Diff'rence, ANNA's *friendly Reign*
Doth double Guards by Land *and Sea maintain,*
To EUROPE *round* THE *bleſt Samaritan.*
More Peace and Plenty ne're at Home was known,
Where none by Conſcience ſuffer, Blood-ſhed none.

Go on then, SIR, *long may You live to ſee*
Your Care, like his, Embalm Poſterity.

So Prays, My LORD,

Your Lordſhip's moſt Dutiful,

and moſt Obedient Servant.

22 JY 63

Le Feu de Joye.

MUſing one Night in Bed what I ſhou'd do
To feed my Flocks, (and pay my Taxes too)
Their threatning * Numbers, with the diſmal Jars
Of Home-bred Factions, and of Foreign Wars;
Ill News abroad, and Loſſes great at Home,
Seiz'd my poor Thoughts, and forc't 'em thus to roam:
Till tyr'd in Bed with turning too and fro,
I ſlept at laſt, and fell a Dreaming too.

What will become of *Britain*'s future State,
Thought I, when its Expences are ſo great?
If Wars remain, where will *Britannia*'s Coin,
Which for its Glory does the World out-ſhine;
Th' Intrinſick Value far above its Price,
If this be gone, whence will it have new riſe?

* Lætitia *pregnant with the* 20th.

All

All Thriving Merchants do moſt ſurely know,
The Imports muſt our Exports far out-do:
In ſmall Receipts, or if the more we ſpend,
The Profit balance ſoon will have an end.

With Arms and Blood, great *Britain*'s Nat'ral Treaſure,
We can repleniſh and renew at Pleaſure:
But when our Coin is gone, the Strength of War,
And freſh Supplies don't offer to Repair,
Who can pay Taxes then, or furniſh Bread
For th' Cheerful Sailors, or our Legions Dread?

Or if an end to all theſe Wars we knew,
'Twere ſomething, wou'd Encourage us a-new.

But, ſince the Tyrant-Foes diſdain to fight
A fair pitcht Battle, to decide the Right:
But skip and sculk, like Wolves, to ſeize a Prey,
As Thiev's to 'ſcape the Gallows, run away:
Or b'ing purſu'd, from Place to Place they fly
To ſome Strong Hold, where they ſecurely lye,
For the next Jobb, or ſome new Injury.

Is this *Britannia*'s Fate, or thoſe Her Foes!
Sure Heav'n will hear an Injur'd Peoples Woes,
The Torrent ſtop, and dire Deſtruction cloſe.
With that, methought, *Britannia*'s prudent State
Proclaim'd a Faſt, t' implore Heav'ns better Fate;
When, on a ſudden, *England*'s Genius roſe,
And did, from Teeth of Time, its happy'r State diſcloſe.

'Tis done, 'tis done, Proud Gallia's *Fate is done!*
Nor can the Blood of Vanquiſht Troops atone,
Save for themſelves; while HE for ev'ry one.
Go on then, Marlbro', *with a Gen'ral Voice,*
Thy Pray'rs are heard, the Gods approve thy Choice:
Neptune *with Laurels,* Merc'ry *with Succeſs,*
Shall Crown thy Temples, and thy Proweſs Bleſs.

Beyond the Danube's *rapid Streams, where yet*
No Britiſh *Troops their Standards e're have ſet:*
Thy Glorious Name ſhall be extreamly great.

Nor do miſtake me, Marlbro': *This the Sign*
Of Heav'ns Veng'ance on their Houſe and Line.

From this Portentous Storm thy Leſſon learn,
And by each Stroke thy well-hewn Strokes diſcern.
This Fall of Roofs and Towers lets you ſee,
You're to be arm'd with Compleat Victory.
The Roaring Waves and diſmal Shipwrecks toſt,
With mighty Noiſe and Clangor you'r t' accoſt:
Till in the Azure Streams their haughty Squadrons loſt.
The unhewn Trees, torn from their Mother Ground,
Dictates what weighty Strok's you'r to Rebound.
Such as your Britiſh *Anceſtors, well known*
At Poictiers, Creſſy, Agincourt, *have done.*

Go on then Marlbro', *make haſt, perform,*
In Storms, as loud as this Immortal Storm.

Thus ſaid, the Phantom at th' Approach of Day,
In one bright Flaſh, withdrew, and flew away.

Methought the Penſive Hero ſtood agaſt,
Liſt'ning for more, wondring with eager haſt,
Why this good Omen vaniſht in ſuch Blaſt.

At length he ſmil'd, and op'ning his Scrittore,
Wrote down ſome Notes, what he had heard before: And.

And ſtrait Reſolv'd—— *Moſelle*, the *Danube*, *Rhyne*,
With well [illegible]d Strokes ſhou'd *Britain*'s Arms Reſtine.

This done, the frightful Storm, in haſt gave way,
Led on the Approach of a more *Halcyon* Day.

With that I wak't, and wonder'd for a while,
What vaſt good Fortune ſhould be-tide our Iſle!
When, having paus'd, a Month or two, or ſo;
We'ad News: The Hero's march't againſt the Foe.

A long, long March, and tedious to rehearſe,
Envy and Terrour of the Univerſe.
Six Hundred Miles, in one continu'd Courſe,
Shew Armies, that will cut their way by Force:
Or'e Rocky Hills, and Craggy Mountains ſteep,
Or ſometimes plowing thro' the Angry Deep:
Thro' Thick and Thin, or ſtifled with the Duſt,
Or ſcorch't with *Phœbus* Arrows cleans'd from Ruſt:
These are the Men, who come from Countries far,
Not tyr'd by Labour, or a lingring War:
But ſuch as boldy March, and are at hand,
These Great *Marlbro'*, These are at your Command.

Your prudent Conduct, and well-weigh'd Intrigues,
They Execute in ſpight of all Fatigues.
In ſpight of Danger, and in ſpight of Care,
They prompt the word, Anticipate the War.

No ſooner had his Excellence got thro'
The *German* Quarters, and the Foe in View;
Strengthen'd with Lines, and freſh with Men reliev'd,
French and *Bavarians*, all they had Retriev'd:
He gave the Word, to ſtorm the mighty Fort,
March, and attack 'em ſtrong, near *Donawert:*
But firſt to *Schellenbergh*, lead the Van,
Where each reſolv'd t' ſuſtain his forward Man.

Welcome Great Sir, to this unhappy Place,
To ſave an Injur'd Gentleman's Diſgrace!
Thrice happy welcome to your brave Aſſay,
To ſtorm the Fort forthwith, without Delay:

Thus ſaid the Prince——————

Th' Attempt was Difficult, th' Attacq was Brave,
The third Aſſault forc't 'em for Quarter crave:
Which ſome receiv'd, while Terror forc't the reſt
To ſeek Relief in *Donaa's* Bryney Breaſt.

The

The first Battalion Valiant *Primrose* led,
And prest his way, thro' Honour's grinning Bed:
Primrose the Brave, who with undaunted Voice,
Resolv'd to go, and made it his own Choice.
With *Namur Web*, Brave *Ferguson*, and *Rue*,
(Whose Blood was sav'd for *Bleinheim*, where it sprightly flew;)
And *Raleigh's* Gore long since supinely sped,
Here reek't afresh as if h'ad been just dead:
Yet still Heroick, and of *Jus Divine*,
Which shews him Heir apparent o' th' right Line.
Storm after Storm, and lab'ring t' make it good,
They forc't their way, and forc't it with their Blood,
By dang'rous Wounds: At length they reacht the Fort,
And then pursu'd the Foe to *Dammaert*.

Nor must we pass the Loss of our Allies,
In this Bold Action: For there *Styrum* lyes,
Styrum the Early Brave, Great *William's* Friend,
And *Leopold's* too, obtain'd this with his End.
Dy'd in his Calling, made the Proverb good,
The Field of Honour is the Field of Blood:
And Valiant *Goar*, whose great Experience,
For storming Forts and Town's beyond Pretence;
Here left his Soul a gasping, for the Cause,
Of Honour, Dear Religion, and the Laws.

And

And what is more, th' Illuſtrious Prince of *Heſſe*
Here breath'd a Vein: Who can his Hopes expreſs?
Ungrateful if we his juſt Praiſe neglect:
From ſuch Beginnings what may we expect?

To name 'em all is more than I can do,
And, much ſhort from their Merit, what I know.

Then let's go on——

And paſſing o'e the * Main,
We take our ſtand in the ſtrong Fort of *Rain*;
And thence to *Fridberg*, in *Bavaria*'s Land,
Whoſe frighted Prince, gave way and dar'd not ſtand;
Sheltring himſelf under old *Angsburg*'s Walls,
Till to's Aſſiſtance, Hect'ring *Tallard* calls.

How many ways, our ardent Gen'ral try'd,
To force Engagement, cannot be deny'd:
Till, at the laſt, and beſt to try the Right
He gave 'em leave to join, and then to fight.
Here our Renown'd General's Conduct, Grand Machine
Of all, was moſt Magnificently ſeen.

* *Danube*

Ignoble Skirmiſhes he ſcorn'd to try,
Or cauſe a Party of the Foe to fly.
Heroick 'tis, to form a Compleat Victory.
Like Noble *Roman* here his Skill was ſhewn,
Reſolv'd to Conquer all, or Conquer none:
Wherefore, to lull 'em, with the fond Conceit,
Of Joy for their Uniting, full, compleat;
This Noble Stratagem, and Divine it prov'd,
The Gods have always proſper'd whom they lov'd:
A Stratagem of War here waits at hand,
The like, for Ages, has not been obtain'd.

Leaving a Prey to lure 'em to the Field,
A Prey, which to their Numbers ſure muſt yield:
Ours feign a March, retire to make it plain,
Till they Encamp, next Day return again.

A quick Return, like all their March before,
What cou'd Great *Alexander* have done more?
Firm to th' Allies, to their own Honour juſt,
Thro' Night's Black Fogs, they haſt to keep their Truſt.
No Eagle to the Quarry quicker flew,
To ſeize her Prey, than their brave Rules purſue.

Thro'

Thro' distant Countries, diff'rent ways they go,
To Aid their Friends, and Incommode the Foe.

The *French* Encamp't upon a rising Ground,
Spacious and pleasant for its Airy Mound,
Secur'd on one side by the Woods, *Bleinheim*;
The t'other with *Morass* and purling Stream:
Made safe by Scituation for Defence,
And very useful for Convenience.
'Twas here our Gen'ral thought, as he past on,
To rest his Bands, and join 'em into one.

But since the Foes the better Station got,
Whose Scituation, Strength and Safety wrought;
It was resolv'd to force 'em from their Post:
And thus our Gen'rals drew their Eager Host.

Th' Illustrious *Eugene*, with the *German* Bands,
Led on the Right Wing, having shaken Hands
And plighted Faith, each other to sustain,
As need requir'd, the Left the *English* gain;
The whole commanded, or set in Array,
By *Marlbro's* Duke, th' Atchievement o' the Day:

Whose

Whoſe Conduct, ſoaring over Hardſhips great,
Surmounted all, to make his Front compleat;
Rivers, Moraſſes, and uncertain Ground
They difficultly paſs, or march around:
In ſpight of Cannon, firing thick as Hail,
And thundring Squadrons, ready to aſſail;
When all things ready, about one He choſe
To give the Word, March and attacq the Foes.
Command of the Enemy's Right fam'd *Tallard* took
Their Left by *Marſin*, and *Bavaria*'s Duke:
The *Gallick* Troops, thus againſt *Engliſh* ſtood,
Bavarians 'gainſt the *Germans* made it good.
When All was fixt, and Heaven receiv'd our Prayers,
The Chriſtians way 'gainſt Heathen Emperors.

Bravely our Gen'ral on his well weigh'd Scheme
Halted, and open'd thus his Noble Theme.

Obſerve me Fellow-Soldiers what I do,
And be aſſur'd, I'll firmly ſuccour you.
'Tis ANNA's *Cauſe you'r now about to fight,*
'Tis Her Religion, Liberty and Right:

Her Court adorn'd, thro' out Her Royal Throne,
With circling Virtues, all entire Her own:
Obliging Grandeur crown'd with free Access,
Th' unfortunate are us'd with Tenderness.
Nay, the poor Levite, desp'rate almost grown,
She has reliev'd with a most Lib'ral Boon:
Large and Extensive all Her Graces are,
Her Bounties, Universal as Her Care.
Her Laws and Country's, you must defend
ANNA, *the Goddess of the pleasant Land;*
Where Liberty and Innocence Reside,
Free from the Gripes of Tyranny and Pride:
Where all things seem, like what is most Divine,
And each Man reaps the Fruit of his own Vine;
There all Her Royal Charms in Lustre shine.
Lo Pallas *SHE! Her Royal House improves,*
And gives Her Maidens to their prosp'rous Loves.
There no Man's Landmark is unjustly torn,
Or made dependant to another's Scorn;
Our Wives and Daughters polisht Temples are,
Chast, undisturb'd, senseless of Guard or Care,
And harmless Freedom reigns unmar'd by War.

Not

Not so the Foe, their rapid Arms have hurl'd
All Right and Property from the Christian World.
The Widows Tears, the Virgins piercing Cry,
The poor Man's Pray'rs, the Fate of Destiny
They have assail'd; and to compleat the rest,
Have tore the Infant from its Mother's Breast.
No Laws, no Oaths, nor Vows, will hold 'em free,
They'll do no Right, nor suffer Injury.
But, like a Torrent, all the World controul,
And grasp the lab'ring Earth from Pole to Pole.
By Fraud, by Force, by Treachery, by Gold,
They deal the Rights of Heaven, bought and sold.
And do out-brave the Lord of Heaven and Earth,
By Massacr'ing, what He has giv'n Birth.
Defy the Devil, the Pow'rs of Heav'n and Hell:
View yonder Mount, see how they proudly swell,
No Man wou'd live under a perjur'd Foe,
Disgrac't, oppress't, insulted o're, No, No,
Like Generous Britains, *let us fight or die,*
The Conquest's all your own, for Liberty.

Fall on, fall on, Brave Britains *lead the Van,*
Shew 'em no Pity, that belongs to Man;

Fall on, fall on, Brave Germans, *ſee the Foe*
Triumphs in ſpight of all that you can do;
Fall on, fall on, Brave Danes *and* Dutch, *fall on,*
Stop not, but Kill till you are weary grown.
But why do I delay or ſtay you ſo?
Your Courage dictates what you ought to do.

He ſaid, and ſtraight as if ſome mighty Joys,
The whole Lines eccho'd with repeated Noiſe:
Loud Acclamations, Hats thrown up i' th' Air,
And Univerſal Huſſa's fill'd the Sphere:
Juſt ſuch, as when the welcome Bridegroom came
To cheer the willing Bride, the very ſame,
Or what is Greater, tho' more ſeldom ſeen,
The Coronation of th' auſpicious Queen.
Such Shouts of Joy our chearful Bands repeat
To uſe their Arms, and ſtretch their Conqueſts great.

The Onſet firſt by Generous *Cuts* began,
Cuts, that did all, that cou'd be done by Man:
Charg'd freſh and freſh, and took the Enemy's Fire,
Undaunted with their Numbers as their Ire.
His *Britiſh* Braves, with Joy, their Huſſa's rang;
'Mong Blood and Slaughter their loud Eccho's ſang.

Near Thirty Years his dear *Bellona* Joy'd
Her Fav'rite conſtant to the Weight imploy'd.
Buda, the *Boyne*, *Aghrim*, and proud *Namur*
Are Trophies of his Thirſty Arms and Pow'r.

Churchill's [redacted] Conduct long to *Denmark* known,
And other Kingdoms too beſides our own,
Experienc'd Hero, worthy of Renown.
The Noble Acts his conſtant Valour did
Let *France* and *Ireland* witneſs, *Flanders* read,
And this of *Bleinheim* crown th' Illuſtrious Deed.
With Noble *Lumley*, *Palmes*, inur'd to War,
In divers Countries, from their Infants Care,
The Noble *North* and *Gray* here mad's Campaign,
And charg'd thro' all before him 'mongſt the Slain;
To his Immortal Honour be it ſaid,
In ſpight of's Bleeding Wounds puſht on th' Heroic Deed.
With *Ingoldsby*, and many more Brigades,
Supported by *Wood's* Squadrons, Reſolute Blades,
Such as their *Great Commander*, firmly ſtood,
With Joy receiv'd their Poſt, with Joy all made it good.

Thro' the whole Line, the Horſe, the Foot ſuſtain,
Brigades and Squadrons ſtrive the Ground to gain,
And ſeize the Poſt of Honour 'mongſt the ſlain.
Long time they charg'd, the Battle doubtful made,
Squadron againſt Squadron, Brigade againſt Brigade.
The Hideous Out-Cries, and the Horrid Noiſe,
Thunder and Lightning, pierc't the ecchoing Skies;
Thunder and Lightning from all Parts around,
Thunder and Lightning ſhook the Trembling Ground;
Thunder and Lightning flies againſt the Foe,
Thunder and Lightning they return to you;
Thunder and Lightning caus'd whole Bands to die,
Thunder and Lightning forc't the reſt to fly.

And now our General's even Temper ſhew'd,
Was here and there, and ev'ry where i' th' Crowd;
Where Bullets whiſtle, or where Cannons roar,
Whoſe well-ſteel'd Bands before 'em rent and tore;
Now to the Right the uſeful Word he gave,
And then the Left, the Center helpt to ſave;
Swift as an Arrow, his proud Courſer flew
O're Cannon Ball, or it had pierc't him thro'.

Dasht o're with Dirt, Dust, Earth and coarsest Soil,
Dy'd with the Gore, which Crimson Wounds defile:
No Danger stopt his piercing Eye and Ear,
To push the Conqu'ring Front, or succour th' wav'ring Rear.

Hast, Core *Reserve! These Squadrons o're the Grass*
While those do force the Rivolet and Moras:
See there they press the Prince, th' Illustrious Prince,
Flank their bold Front, and drive 'em out from thence;
Goe Aid de Camp, *Quick, bid him charge again;*
The Core *Reserve shall all his Want sustain.*

Thus, bravely order'd, was the Battle fought,
And the Success to Admiration wrought.
The Thundring Legions prest it thro' and thro',
And bore their way, whilst tim'rous *Tallard* flew.

They run, they run, Kill, Destroy, Pursue,
They'll give no quarter when they follow you.

As in the Fens, the Boistrous Sea inrag'd,
Flows o're the Banks, until it be asswag'd;
Sweeps all before it on the Neighb'ring Ground,
Laying all wast and desolate around;
So here our Hero's, with a Conqu'ring Hand,
With one great Blast, struck down all did withstand; Kill'd

Kill'd and purſu'd, purſu'd and kill'd ſo late
Till the pale Moon grew Black, with fear of Fate:
O' th' Spot, as Victims Twenty Thouſand fell,
A Sacrifice to *Gallick* Pride as well:
The Earth Cadaverous with Blood beſmear'd,
For many Miles a horrid Sight appear'd:
And what is more ſo truly aim'd our Men,
As Left Battalions whole in Rank and File o' th' Plain.
Their Bagage, Cannon, Standards, Tents they yield
To cheer our Troops, the Plunder of the Field.
Who, when their Work was done, with brisk Champaign
Waſh't off the Toil and Labour they had ta'en.

But for the Foe,
One Body flying to the Woods, for fear,
Thirty Battalions were impriſon'd there;
As many Squadrons to the *Danube* puſht,
Dy'd its Black Streams with Blood, and ſo were huſht.

Aſſiſt me *Clio*, for I bluſh for fear
I can't purſue this Doleful Character:
Not made with Art, or Roaring Cannon Ball,
Where Men by Thunder or by Lightning fall;

See what the Fate of Evil doing is,
Guilt and Deſpair do rob us of our Bliſs:
What damn'd Deſpair cou'd make these Squadrons fly,
And in a rapid River chuſe to dye?
See what it is th' accurſed Pow'r t' inſlave!
Courage th'ad not to fight, nor Quarter crave,
But poorly hide themſelves under a Rock or Wave.

Whither, like Satan with his Herd of Swine,
They all run in to drink or drown in Brine,
Or yet more like to the Great Judgment Day,
With Horror ſeiz'd and Dumb, I will not ſay,
But ſure I am, no Pen can here expreſs
This lively Scene, in its own nat'ral Dreſs.

Suppoſe Four Thouſand Gentlemen at leaſt,
And each Man mounted on his cap'ring Beaſt,
Arm'd Cap-a-pee, Equipt from Head to Foot,
With all the Marks of Honour clad to boot,
Should, at an Inſtant, in a Body Roll,
And plunge into the Deep, their violent Soul:
Wou'd you not think 'em mad, when for one Word,
They might have had their weary Life reſtor'd?

Juſt ſuch were theſe, with ſo much Haſt and Dread
As wou'd have forc't or dreyn'd their liquid Bed:
The haſty Ruſhing of ſo vaſt a Puſh,
Drown the Melodious Swans, the Charming Syrens hush:
But not like *Orpheus*, with his pleaſing Strain,
By Frights and diſmal Noiſe, theſe 'vantage gain.

Not Screitching Owls, or Southern Croaking Frogs,
Howling of Wolves, the Latriant Noiſe of Dogs;
Roaring of Lions, *Iriſh* or'e their Dead,
Or Condemn'd Priſ'ners, full of Horror dread,
Not Infants Squeal, poor Wife's Moan, or Eagles ſquawling,
Th' Peacock's Schream, Snakes Hiſs, or Caterwawling,
The Sailor Shipwreckt, or loſt Trav'llers Cry,
More diſmal were than theſe in Miſery:
Yet like it all, and more, their Elouncing Steeds
Fret, chafe, ſnuff, ſnort and groan, like Bitterns in the Reeds.

Sometimes in Shoals they ſwim to t'other ſide,
Where the deaf Rocks refuſe, then hither ride,
But theſe Rocks too, as deaf as thoſe before,
Helpleſs do let 'em roll, from Shore to Shore:
Some down the Stream, while others 'gainſt it ſtrive,
Sad Out-cries make, and worſe Efforts to live.

With faint Endeavours, ſome climb the Crumbling Rocks,
Where one Man's Fall, flat down, another knocks;
Some plunging under Water catch the next,
And him another, and ſo on, by which Pretext
Whole Shoals together, ſink and ſcream in Shoals,
And bob and ſink, and bob and ſink their Souls.
So that, of many Thouſands, few were ſav'd,
For who 'ſcap't *Scylla*, proud *Charibdis* ſtav'd.

At laſt, when all their dreadful Groans were ſpent,
And perfect Calm reſtor'd to th' Element;
The crowded Bodies, what with Horſe and Men
So ſwell'd the *Danube*, that like Earthy Plain,
Or Timber Logs, you might have walkt thereon.
For Leagues its Waves were ſtopt, their Current force,
Dead Bodies ſtopt 'em, Bodies of Men and Horſe.

Bitter *Cocytus* lamentable Groans
Diſpatcht theſe; the reſt with pitious Moans
Lookt on, and wou'd not dare themſelves to take
One Draught of *Lethe*'s Black forgetful Lake:
What they'ad commanded others, would not do,
But ſcornful *Tallard* ſnatcht forth's Ribbond Blew,

With other Gen'rals, who all Quarter crav'd,
So they remain among the Priſ'ners ſav'd.

Thus a large *Pine*, the Glory of the Grove,
Whoſe Pride had got their Envy, not their Love,
Stood divers Shocks, and looking with Diſdain
Scorn'd all his Equals, on the Neighb'ring Plain,
Till by a Northern Blaſt, he was o'erturn'd,
And faintly yielded, but by none was mourn'd:

Exceeding Comely were his Branches Tall,
But broken ev'n to Shivers with the Fall;
While a more uſeful, meek and humble Tree
O'return'd, with Eaſe ſits upright, and is free.
So Pride with Ruine always ſeeks its Fall,
And never riſes, but confounds us all.

That all have Faults, and all thoſe Faults forgiv'n
Is ſung by Prophets, and the Sons of Heav'n;
But proud Mens Faults are viſible enough,
And ne're forgiv'n, we have daily Proof.

Thus e're the *Britiſh* Lyons rous'd its long,
Sometimes he ſports and daileys with the Throng:

But when he finds he's trifled with, perplext
His Tallons shew in Earnest that He's vext.

So the proud *Gall* was bravely taken down,
And forc't to truckle his Imperial Crown.

To His Grace

AND now Great Sir, pardon a Word or two,
Cou'd I but do't, that might be worthy you:
Your Acts have spoken, and proclaim'd it far,
Above what e're perfidious Wretches dare;
But what need Words? To praise 'em were in vain,
These acts alone will to the World remain;
Succeeding Ages shall in Annals read
Surprizing Stories of this Glorious Deed;
To Childrens Children, they'll transmit 'em down,
Heroick Vertues, worthy of Renown.
Our lisping Infants shall with Joy repeat,
And help to sing your Conquests in the Street;
The Tuneful Shepherds too will sing and dance,
You've put a Fatal Hook i' th' Jaws of *France*;

Their Flocks leſs careful now they may attend,
To Wolves deſtructive ſince you've put an end;

The Nymphs, with Violets and Roſes ſtrew,
And Jaſemin, the Roads and Ways you go;
Where all the Choruſes their Voice can raiſe,
Shall loudly chant their Notes to your juſt Praiſe,
Who have ſo bravely to their Aid comply'd,
To keep their Loves in Safety by their ſide.

The Rural Maids will venture now to joyn
In Wedlock, and their hearty Loves combine
To get ſtrong Cadets; who their tender Years
Shall liſt, and ſerve your Camps as Volunteers.

The *Britiſh* Youth ſhall ſhout with Recreation,
Twas you reſtor'd the Courage of the Nation;
The honeſt Tarr's ſhall quaff their Punch for Joy,
That you have boarded thoſe their Trade deſtroy;
The cunning Merchant, and the Lawyer too,
Shall thrive; now they're protected all by you:
The Poets run a tick, and drink and dwell
Upon the Subject, or profuſely ſteal,
Mad that they cannot find a Parallel.

Nor

Nor are your Trophies ſmall, compar'd with thoſe
Of former times, as Reverend Hiſt'ry ſhews;
Caſar in Forty Days reduc't all *Spain*,
You in that time the Empire did regain.
He ſeiz'd th' *Italians*, drown'd with panick Fears,
You from a Regular Band of Pilferers
Sav'd theſe; and, by their Heſt'ring Legions broke,
Stopt thoſe who threat'nd the whole World a Shock;
The proud Leviathan, inrag'd with Spight,
You've Hook't, in Maintenance of Oppreſt Right;
Your Country's Honour, you have bravely fought
By well concerted Meaſures; and true Diſc'pline taught.

The well ſpread Glory which your Conduct ſings,
Will hold a Balance with the Great'ſt of Kings;
Happy *Britannia* with ſuch Gen'rals bleſt,
Who can make ſubtle *France* be diſpoſſeſt,
Shew him th' Illuſions of his Dæmon fail,
Where Juſtice, Honour, Vertue hold the Scale;
No room for Bribes, where Courage leads the Van,
All Tricks are loſt in Philoſophick Man.

Thus the *Nemean* Eyon you have ſlain,
And Giant *Geryon* ſubdu'd and ta'ne;

Why should I speak of Ages long ago?
You've *Cæsar*'s Speed, and *Alexander*'s Fate,
Epaminondas Skill, which makes the whole Compleat.

Let other Nations laugh, contemn the Foe,
And imitate what they have seen you do,
But own the Glorious Deed to *Marlboro'*.

Pardon, Great Sir, That I prophane your Name,
Which ought to soar the highest Flights of Fame,
And be Expanded by the brightest Flame;
My inbred Duty, prompted by my Zeal,
Forc't me to sing your Praise, tho' I want Skill.

ERRATA.

Page 7. Line 7. for *sped* read *shed*.
p. 7. Line 13. for *By* read *And Dangerous Wounds*.
p. 12. Line 5. read *almost desp'rate grown*.
p. 12. Line ult. for *unmar'd* read *unmov'd by War*.